

adopted at the State Convention of August, 1901, to not only secure the nomination of candidates by primary election, but also to secure uniformity in such primary election, but merely that the best interests of the party and that therefore, whatever plan may have been adopted by this committee, compliance with such plan should be required; therefore, be it resolved,

1. That the primary as called for August 1903 to nominate a candidate for State Senator in the Tenth Senatorial District is regular, and therefore valid, and cannot be recognized by this committee.

2. That it is the duty of the Senatorial Committee in said district to proceed to make provision by proper call for a primary election in said district for nomination of a candidate for the State Senatorial District in compliance with the terms and provisions of the "primary election plan" as adopted by this committee of January 14, 1902.

Both resolutions were adopted by the meeting practically without dissent. Mr. Butler, of Annapolis, offered a resolution requiring a majority of the members of the State Senatorial Committee to be present in person at meetings of the committee in order to constitute a quorum. The resolution was tabled without debate, on motion of one of the proxies.

Among those holding proxies at the meeting was Mr. R. Lynch Monague, the Governor's brother.

Partisanship Not Charged.

It is not charged that the plan in Shenandoah was drawn in the interest of any candidate, but merely that it was not in accord with the party plan. Senator Lupton himself accepted it, and it is said, suggested the plan, but later discovered that it was at variance with the general party plan. He had sent to the Senatorial Committee his announcement of candidacy for the Senate under the plan as drawn, and later withdrew this notice. It is understood that the Senatorial District Committee will amend its plan in accordance with the State Central Committee's instructions, the date fixed for the primary is next Saturday. This will probably not be changed. It is not known whether Senator Lupton will remain in the field or not. In some quarters it is suggested that he will retire, and that the anti-Martin element of the party will select a candidate against Judge Tavenner. This is largely speculative at this stage of the contest.

The State Committee held yesterday varied the usual custom of holding open meetings by making the session executive. This was done, it is presumed, because it was anticipated that the old Shenandoah factional fight would come up and be thrashed out again.

Funeral Services.

The funeral of Mr. Peter J. Crew took place at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon from Trinity Methodist Church. The Board of Directors of the church acted as pallbearers. The interment was made in Oakwood.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary J. Wilkinson, who died Friday in the home of her son, R. L. Wilkinson, No. 909 Twenty-sixth Street, took place from the East End Baptist Church at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. The burial was in Oakwood.

The funeral of Annie Viola Burruss, infant daughter of Wellford and the late Annie Kavanagh, took place from the home of her grandmother, Mrs. J. Kavanagh, No. 529 North Twenty-fifth Street, at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. The burial was in Oakwood.

## PRIMARY HAS BEEN ORDERED

Judge Moncure to Oppose Mr. Powers for the House from Caroline.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., August 8.—The City Democratic Committee at a meeting last night ordered a primary for this city on September 15, for the nomination of a candidate for the House of Delegates. Hon. J. H. Blasco, the present delegate, will, it is understood, be a candidate for re-nomination. No other names are mentioned in connection with the position as yet.

The City School Board has elected the following teachers for the public schools of this city for the ensuing year: Prof. James Madison, Misses Kate Mander, Emily Mander, Mrs. M. C. Mander, Margaret H. Gordon, Julia A. Seay, Jennie M. Goodrick, Maggie L. Honey, Agnes Roney, Emma Owens, all white, and the following three colored: J. C. Grant, S. A. Brown and J. E. Brown.

Judge E. C. Moncure, of Caroline county, has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the House of Delegates. The present incumbent, Hon. D. B. Powers, Jr., is a candidate for re-nomination. The fight will be a warm one. Mr. A. B. Chidister, former Commonwealth's attorney of Caroline county, will be a candidate this year for his old position against the incumbent, W. E. Eunis.

The firm of Johnston & Pearson, the well known druggists, has been dissolved. Mr. Pearson retaining, and Mr. Johnston continuing the business. Mr. Pearson has been in the drug business for thirty-six years, and is one of the best known and most highly respected citizens here. He contemplates returning to Mississippi to reside with relatives. Mr. Johnston is the son of the late Dr. F. W. Johnston, who was also in the same business here for years, and up to the time of his death.

A Junior Order United American Mechanics Lodge has been organized at Passapatanzy, in King George county, by the following officers: Gordon Henderson, counselor; Milton Henderson, vice-counselor; E. S. Henderson and Julian Pratt, secretaries; Gordon Jones, treasurer. Trustee, Clarence Pratt, A. Henderson and Albert Williams.

Mr. J. T. Hill has purchased of Captain J. W. Hill the dwelling situated on the corner of Princess Anne St. and Hazel Hill Avenue, and Mr. J. Milton Smith has sold his residence on Spotswood Street to Miss Roberta L. Hart.

Catarh begins with a stubborn cold in the head, inflammation or soreness of the membrane or lining of the nose, discharge of mucus matter, headaches, neuralgia and difficult breathing, and even in this early stage is almost intolerable. But when the filthy secretions begin to drop back into the throat and stomach, and the blood becomes polluted and the system contaminated by the catarrhical poison, then the sufferer begins to realize what a disgusting and sickening disease catarrh is. It affects the kidneys

and stomach as well as other parts of the body. It is a constitutional disease and as inhaling mixtures, salves, ointments, etc., are never more than palliative or helpful, even in the beginning of catarrh, what can you expect from such treatment when it becomes chronic and the whole system affected? Only such a remedy as S. S. S. can reach this obstinate, deep-seated disease and purge the blood of the catarrhical poison. S. S. S. purifies and builds up the diseased blood, and the inflamed membranes are healed and the excessive secretion of mucus ceases when new, rich blood is coming to the diseased parts, and a permanent cure is the result.

S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and a reliable remedy for catarrh in all stages. Write if in need of medical advice; this will cost you nothing.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## IS YOUR BLOOD IMPURE?

FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES

### ECHOLS' PIEDMONT CONCENTRATED IRON AND ALUM WATER . . . . .

HAS NO EQUAL.

Even if other treatments have brought you no relief, begin using our Concentrated Water to-day, as it cures the worst cases of either hereditary or acquired blood disease.

We have cured hundreds of people who had no faith at first, because they had been disappointed so often. Our Concentrated Water is 140 times as strong as the Natural Water and contains 20 different natural life-giving minerals, and by its use all impurities from the blood and every organ of the body is put in a healthy condition.

This is not a patent medicine, but is a Natural Mineral Water Remedy, which is prescribed daily by over 200 Virginia physicians alone.

If you have the strength left to use this Remedy a short while, you will be thoroughly convinced of its merits. Money refunded if a fair trial does not produce satisfactory results.

For sale by OWENS & MINOR DRUG CO., 1007 East Main Street, and all druggists.

8-OUNCE BOTTLES, 50c

(EQUAL TO 10 GALLONS OF THE NATURAL WATER.)

18-OUNCE BOTTLES, \$1.00

(EQUAL TO 25 GALLONS OF THE NATURAL WATER.)

The \$1.00 size will be sent on receipt of price, by prepaid express, if your dealer will not get it for you.

J. M. ECHOLS CO., Lynchburg, Va.

## PRICES WAY UP IN "GEE"

Housekeepers Are Having a Hard Time at Markets.

"MILLIONS" ARE SCARCE

Juicy Hanoverian Has But Lately Come to Town and Visits Only the Wealthy—Ducks and Chickens Roost High.

Midsummer August days are wont to be the season of peace and plenty in the Richmond market, the season of rejoicing and good living for the housewife who fills her larder for it.

All during last winter, when the ruinous prices of coal made life a burden for the economical and hard-working souls who are forever striving with difficult success to make buckle and tongue meet, the vision of easy atonement in July and August waved alluringly ahead, and promised many things that assuredly have not come to pass.

August has arrived, indeed, but what an August in the market! In years gone by a Richmond "hot ten cents a peck" was said at this season: "Yes, my family have gone to Saratoga, and I cannot imagine why. Shouldn't think anybody would like to leave Richmond, now that the duck and sweet potatoes, black-eyed peas, tomatoes, corn and cantaloupes make sitting down at table a feast three times a day."

The years have passed since that speech was made and brought change in conditions with them. The old gentleman who then took his daily toll from the Sixth Street market could get his black-eyed peas and beans at five cents a quart, could enjoy his corn at five cents a dozen ears, and buy his tomatoes at a half a dollar a bushel. As for melons—great, juicy Hanoverian specimens—they were to be had almost for the asking, along with peaches, apples, pears and other smaller fruits.

ALL HAVE PROGRESSED. Now we have progressed, and so have the prices. Farewell—a long and fond and hasty through the summer morning freshness to the light and confident task of supplying the family from the "country carts" and from the abundant stock of the vegetables, fruit and poultry dealers, who smilingly confronted the market shopper in the Richmond of ten years ago!

On all sides exclamations are now heard in regard to the phenomenal conditions which obtain this August—conditions which have afforded no respite to the housekeeper obliged to face the hardships of last winter.

"How much does you ax for deer?" said a respectable looking colored woman, evidently a cook looking after her employer's Sunday dinner, on yesterday. She took up a half dozen of peas as she spoke and let them slip through her fingers, glancing admiringly at their greenness and succulence.

"These?" said the salesman, briskly: "these are the prettiest and the dearest in the market. These are just a shilling a quart."

"What?" asked the old woman, thinking her ears had played her false "what did you say a shilling? My Lord, I'll go to Hanover and pick some Frank some corn 'feller peas, before I pay such a scandalous price!" And off she marched, her head high in the air, muttering to herself.

A pretty slender girl, who looked to be one of the stay-at-home Richmond con-

tingent, paused beside a fruit stall to examine peaches. "Two for five cents, madam," she was informed. "And these are fifty cents a basket." The girl's delicate face flushed, and her fingers closed firmly down over the purse carried in the hand. "Thank you," said the clear voice, "but I will not take the peaches," and the girl passed on to the next stall.

At the poultry stand ducks being \$1.25 per pair. Chickens to broil, of moderate size, cost twenty-five cents, and young roosters bring from thirty-five to fifty cents. Butterbeans are scarce at fifty cents a quart, and corn is fifteen and eighteen cents a dozen ears. Usually, beans and corn are sold at five cents per quart and dozen.

Eggs have advanced from a shilling to twenty-five cents within the past week. Butcher's meat holds firm, but has been cheapened, having fallen from twelve to ten cents. And this is one piece of good fortune which the housekeeper can welch against many other discouragements.

Tomatoes, yesterday, which as a rule in August, are well sold at a dollar a bushel, doubled in price and brought fifty cents a peck.

A Virginia calendar gotten out and illustrated by a Richmond girl last winter, had on its August page, the picture of a pickaninny with a luscious piece of blushing watermelon in his hands. Alas and alas! What the future of this ill-omened August may bring forth, your deponent saith not, but up to the present time the Hanoverian "watermelon" lingers still in unpopularity, "a pinin' on de vine," or else must be paid for at the rate of fifty cents "a million." And the picturesque groups of pickaninnies with the fruit between their lips and a whole heaven of enjoyment in their ebony countenances, do not delight the eye of the passer-by in the highways and byways and the suburbs of the Richmond market.

The sweet potato would better remain undigested awaiting the sweetening touch of October's frost and the accompaniment of "possum gravy time," than to be unblushingly advertised by the hucksters as it now is at seventy-five cents a peck.

After all, in the conclusion of the matter, what is best to be done? Unless August improves and September puts her to shame, Richmond housewives will have to fall back on canned goods for vegetables and so without their usual supply of preserves and pickles during next winter.

MEETING AT ACADEMY. Dr. Munhall to Deliver Great Address To-Day.

Doctor S. W. Munhall, the celebrated evangelist, will close his two-weeks' engagement here in two magnificent meetings to-day. One will be held in the Academy at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and to which only youths and men from 14 to 29 will be admitted.

The doctor will deliver his great address, "Confidential Talk to the Young," which he has presented two hundred and thirty-one times, and which has resulted in the conversion of 20,000 young men.

There will be special music, including a solo by Professor Pugh, whose singing has been so greatly praised and richly enjoyed.

As a prelude to this meeting, there will be a conference of Christian workers at the Academy at 2 o'clock. For the 3 o'clock meeting the doors will be opened at 2:45, and will close at 9:15, after which latter time none will be admitted.

To-night at the tent, Marshall, between Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets, the doctor will preach his farewell sermon, and it is safe to say that there will be an immense crowd present. The series of meetings have resulted in the conversion of about 100 souls. Secretary Thomas, of the Railway Y. M. C. A., having in his possession the names of the persons, indicating their denominational choice, and which will be turned over to the respective pastors.

Doctor Munhall has preached with wonderful power and vigor. His style is argumentative, logical, analytical. He reaches for the reason and conscience of his hearers, and does not play on their emotions. He is a profound Bible student, and has kept up with the higher criticism of the day in antiquarianism, which he is very pronounced, standing by the old landmarks.

OPPOSED TO A PRIMARY

Captain Gent Said to Have Refused to Be a Candidate in One.

An interesting story comes from Russell county in connection with the nomination of a Democratic candidate for the House from that district. Captain J. C. Gent, the present delegate from that county, desired to resign last session, but was induced to withdraw his resignation. He has been urged to stand for re-election, and it is understood, had practically agreed to do so. When the committee came to meet to provide for a primary in accordance with the State plan, it is said that Captain Gent enters his veto, stating that he would not enter a primary nor accept a nomination from one. He favors the old plan of nominating by district convention, it is understood.

Captain Gent is considered the strongest man that could be nominated in the county, and his declination to enter a primary leaves the committee in a quandary. If it fail to provide for a primary, it will violate the State plan, the party mandate. If it provide such a plan it will eliminate the strongest Democrat in the county. Under the circumstances nothing has yet been done. That is the story, coming from the distant county of the Southwest.

WOOD THRUSH. THIS BIRD'S SONG IS ONE OF THE SWEETEST THINGS IN NATURE.

The little house constantly flies a flag, as it is to denote that the owner is at home. This pennant attracts the collector for collectors, easily enough, are everywhere—and the house is often hatched.

The man who has listened to the song of a wood thrush, and then to the nest of the fellow whom Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote about the man who has no music in his soul, though possibly this particular species of nest-rocker has the music which to glow must. There is some reason for expressing feeling in this matter, for recently some one carried away the nest and eggs of a wood thrush from a tree in a city cemetery. He had watched the bird coming from the distant county of the Southwest, and had hoped to see four young

## THRUSH'S SWEET SONG

Is a Vesper Hymn of Exquisite Sweetness.

DEVILTRY IN THE SHRIKE

Fond of Bird Brains and Kills Without Mercy—Grosbeak Eats Potato Bugs—Birds and Their Habits.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

Associate Member American Ornithologists' Union.

Of all the sounds of summer, there are few which in pure sweetness excel the song of the wood thrush. The singer seeks the seclusion of the thickets, and you must go to him to hear his exquisite solo. It is a tinkling song, seemingly best at sunset—a silver vesper bell sounding in the quiet woodland as the shadows lengthen.

Only one other bird—though some persons with ears attuned to nature say two others—surpasses in the pure music of its notes the song of the wood thrush. The hermit thrush, a brother bird, breaks the silence of the northern wilderness with a song that is unapproached and perhaps unapproachable.

It is a long journey to the home of the hermit, while the wood thrush may be heard within sight of the city. If he there have found a bit of woodland with a thicket retreat that suits his idea of a summer home, Frank M. Chapman says that the song of the wood thrush is an invitation; that the bird sings again and again, "Come to me," "Come to me."

The comparison is apt, and he who accepts the invitation may listen to a song that is full payment for the trouble of the journeying.

Build in Cemeteries.

The wood thrush has discovered that in the cemeteries, even though they be within the city walls, there is comparative seclusion and safety. A few pairs build every year in these burial places where the landscape gardeners have held giving nature a fairly free hand and have left much of nature's handiwork.

There is excuse enough for dwelling

upon the song of the wood thrush. So much is put down in prose and poetry of the music of the mocking bird that the singer of the thrush is often heard the evening hymn of our sober-clad wood thrush. The mocker's song is ambitious and of wonderful tone quality, but there is something holy about the hymn of the wood thrush that falls upon and moves the heart. It is a call to prayer.

The wood thrush places its nest ordinarily in a sapling about fifteen feet from the ground, but there are many exceptions to the general rule. More than half the nests at least so run in my experience—have a bit of cloth in them. The bird seemingly has a fondness for streamers, and the longer and narrower the piece of cloth that it picks up the better it is pleased. Lacking the wisdom of some of its fellow birds, the thrush often fastens only one end of the cloth ribbon to the nest and leaves nearly the full length of the material as a play thing for every passing breeze. The result is that

through and through, however. It eats thousands of the larger insects during its nesting season, and kills all the small snakes in sight, though this latter act, perhaps, cannot be put down as a service, for small snakes have their place in the economy of nature and aid man in many ways.

Shrike's "Meat Market"

The loggerhead shrike usually builds in a thorn tree, the smaller locusts, the thorn apple and the osage orange being favorite homesteading sites. It makes a butcher's shop of the tree, hanging up its bird, snake or big insect victims like so many carcasses in a meat market. I once found a loggerhead's nest containing young in an osage orange tree. A small green snake had been impaled upon a thorn, and the body nearly touched the nest. As the weather was hot, the effect could not have been pleasant to sensitive organs or smell, but I sometimes doubt if some birds know what odor is. If they do, they can stand much in the way of things offensive. The Maryland yellow throat, a gem of a bird, frequently builds its nest within the leaves of skunk cabbage.

There is much better opportunity to watch the predatory habits of the great Northern shrike than there is to observe those of the loggerhead. The Northern bird is with us in winter and hunger drives him into the cities, where he carries on the laudable work of killing English sparrows. One of these birds daily killed a tree in front of my window overlooking a busy city street. Almost invariably he caught a sparrow. Once, after he had struck a victim, it escaped from him and fell fluttering to a snow bank. I picked up the sparrow and killed it to put it out of its misery. There was a clean, round hole in its skull. How the shrike made such a perfect circle with its crooked beak has been a puzzling question to this day.

Captured and Killed.

On another occasion I witnessed a bit of shrike strategy. The bird knew apparently that the crevices in the cornice of a big city building afforded retreats for the sparrows. It flew along the cornice fluttering its wings and literally "beating the coverts." A frightened sparrow flew out and the shrike gave chase. The sparrow zigzagged in its flight, but the shrike was not a little. The shrike "overran" the sparrow time after time, but finally seized it just as it reached the edge of a thick bush, in the heart of which it would have been safe. The shrike was killed and its brain was eaten with an appetite sharpened by the chase. The shrike is a smaller bird than the robin. It sings well and it is hard to account for its predatory habits.

Sometimes birds are seen in a previous article about a goldfinch which sheltered its young from the heat of the sun by spreading its wings and forming a feathered canopy over the nest. Dr. Dearborn, assistant curator of birds at the Smithsonian Museum, not long ago secured

wood thrushes taught how to fly, but the hand of the spider was stayed not even in "God's acre."

In changing the subject from the wood thrush to the loggerhead shrike one has to turn his pen 180 degrees. The birds are antipodal in character. One is all sweet and light and the other is pretty nearly all sad and darkness.

The Sinful Shrike.

The loggerhead shrike (Lanius ludovicianus) comes to the Northern States in early spring and stays all summer. He replaces his brother, the great Northern shrike, which has spent the winter with us and has retreated beyond the Canadian border with the first touch of warm weather.

The loggerhead is a slate-gray, black

wood thrushes taught how to fly, but the hand of the spider was stayed not even in "God's acre."

In changing the subject from the wood thrush to the loggerhead shrike one has to turn his pen 180 degrees. The birds are antipodal in character. One is all sweet and light and the other is pretty nearly all sad and darkness.

The Sinful Shrike.

The loggerhead shrike (Lanius ludovicianus) comes to the Northern States in early spring and stays all summer. He replaces his brother, the great Northern shrike, which has spent the winter with us and has retreated beyond the Canadian border with the first touch of warm weather.

The loggerhead is a slate-gray, black



LOGGERHEAD SHRIKE, NEST AND YOUNG. THE SHRIKE PREYS ON INSECTS AND SMALL BIRDS. IT DINES OFF BIRD BRAINS AND THEN HANGS UP THE BODIES OF ITS VICTIMS.

and white creature, with a small, hawk-like bill. He is a curiously interesting bird, and the devilry in him rather adds to his interest. He loves bird brains, and he uses his own brain to good advantage in obtaining them. He sits in a tree-top, apparently innocently surveying the landscape, until some small bird, a chickadee, a goldfinch or some other feathered tit-bit, flies by, and then the loggerhead sets after it in full chase. Unless the quarry can reach the cover of a thicket, the shrike seizes it, strikes its beak through the skull, and then bears the victim to a tree, where the murderer feasts on brains.

After appeasing its appetite the shrike hangs the body of its victim in the crotch of two small branches or impales it upon a thorn. What the bird does this for it is hard to tell, for it rarely returns to the quarry. The loggerhead isn't bad

at photographing a goldfinch doing this act of kindness for its little ones.

Something has been said of the apparent disregard for odors that are offensive to man. Possibly we should not regard such indifference to bad smells as being a particular more peculiar than are the tastes of birds in the matter of diet. The robin loves angle worms while man regards them with loathing. The black-billed and the yellow-billed cuckoos think hairy caterpillars the most epicurean of repasts. Nearly every other species of birds turn away from the caterpillars, which, were it not for the cuckoos, would soon denude our trees of the beauty of their foliage. The buzzard dines on dog and considers that he has feasted. What is a little thing like a smell to an organism that can thrive upon the repulsive things of earth?

I have seen birds of many kinds drink of the waters of a spring that smelled to heaven, while not ten yards away was a sweet flowing fountain. To be sure, the spring where the songsters drank was medicinal, and man partook freely while he held his nose. Possibly long before man came the birds had found the virtue that was in the waters.

Fond of Potato Bugs.

The rose-breasted grosbeak, one of our common summer residents, has in recent years developed a food fondness for which the farmer rises up and calls him blessed. The grosbeak has found potato bugs to his liking, and he destroys the pests by the hundreds. A pair of rose-breasts in a potato field will do all the service of a barrel of paris green, and will leave no poison traces behind to mar the results of their work. The rose-breast is the very Beau Brummel of birds. His appearance would denote a taste for ambrosia, but potato bugs are his life line, and he will quarrel with a preference directed along the lines of such usefulness to mankind?

Fairmount Notes.

Rev. C. C. Cox, pastor of the Fairmount Baptist Church, is holding revival services at the County Line Church, in Caroline county. He will return to time to hold services at his own church the last two Sundays of August.

Cousin Joseph Greer, wife and children left yesterday for Gordonsville, where they will remain some time. E. C. McDowell left yesterday for Louisa county to visit his wife, who is spending the summer there.

All arrangements have been completed for the moonlight excursion to Dutch Gap next Thursday night to be given by the popular clerics of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway.

It was postponed from Tuesday, July 21st, to next Thursday night, August 13th. There will be music and dancing and a delightful evening in all anticipated. Tickets sent for July 21st will be good for August 13th.

Died at Ninety-One.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) FREDERICKSBURG, VA., August 8.—The John Forth, aged ninety-one years, died today at his home in Stafford county. He was highly esteemed, and leaves a wife and seven children.

Why not keep this remedy in your home instead of waiting until some one of your family is sick nigh unto death and then sending for it in a great hurry, and perhaps in the night, while the patient must suffer until it can be obtained. BUY IT NOW.



COMING WITH CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY

A photograph of a goldfinch doing this act of kindness for its little ones.

Something has been said of the apparent disregard for odors that are offensive to man. Possibly we should not regard such indifference to bad smells as being a particular more peculiar than are the tastes of birds in the matter of diet. The robin loves angle worms while man regards them with loathing. The black-billed and the yellow-billed cuckoos think hairy caterpillars the most epicurean of repasts.

Nearly every other species of birds turn away from the caterpillars, which, were it not for the cuckoos, would soon denude our trees of the beauty of their foliage. The buzzard dines on dog and considers that he has feasted. What is a little thing like a smell to an organism that can thrive upon the repulsive things of earth?

I have seen birds of many kinds drink of the waters of a spring that smelled to heaven, while not ten yards away was a sweet flowing fountain. To be sure, the spring where the songsters drank was medicinal, and man partook freely while he held his nose. Possibly long before man came the birds had found the virtue that was in the waters.

Fairmount Notes. Rev. C. C. Cox, pastor of the Fairmount Baptist Church, is holding revival services at the County Line Church, in Caroline county. He will return to time to hold services at his own church the last two Sundays of August.

Cousin Joseph Greer, wife and children left yesterday for Gordonsville, where they will remain some time. E. C. McDowell left yesterday for Louisa county to visit his wife, who is spending the summer there.

All arrangements have been completed for the moonlight excursion to Dutch Gap next Thursday night to be given by the popular clerics of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway.

It was postponed from Tuesday, July 21st, to next Thursday night, August 13th. There will be music and dancing and a delightful evening in all anticipated. Tickets sent for July 21st will be good for August 13th.

Died at Ninety-One. (Special to The Times-Dispatch.) FREDERICKSBURG, VA., August 8.—The John Forth, aged ninety-one years, died today at his home in Stafford county. He was highly esteemed, and leaves a wife and seven children.

WARRENTON GERMAN CLUB

The First Cotillon Danced in the Town Hall.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) WARRENTON, VA., August 8.—The Warrenton German Club held its first cotillon at the Town Hall last evening. Ideal weather conditions, combined with spacious dancing room and music furnished by the club.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) WARRENTON, VA., August 8.—The Warrenton German Club held its first cotillon at the Town Hall last evening. Ideal weather conditions, combined with spacious dancing room and music furnished by the club.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) WARRENTON, VA., August 8.—The Warrenton German Club held its first cotillon at the Town Hall last evening. Ideal weather conditions, combined with spacious dancing room and music furnished by the club.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) WARRENTON, VA., August 8.—The Warrenton German Club held its first cotillon at the Town Hall last evening. Ideal weather conditions, combined with spacious dancing room and music furnished by the club.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) WARRENTON, VA., August 8.—The Warrenton German Club held its first cotillon at the Town Hall last evening. Ideal weather conditions, combined with spacious dancing room and music furnished by the club.